



# THE SPHINX

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Dedicated to Perry H. Hiles

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# Editorial

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By EDWARD PLATO.



THIN the last two months, while seeking adds for the Imp, questions such as: why do you print an annual? Is it of any value to Granite City? Will it pay? Have been asked.

It is the intention of all nature and of the Heavenly Father that every deed and every life should have a fitting close. We have passed four years of our High School Career. We are now ready to take a fresh start into the world's work. We have, as it were, run the first part of our race after success, and, as the Patriarchs of old thought it well to set up altars in the wilderness to show others how they were progressing spiritually and financially, so we thought it fitting and proper that we should have a mile stone from which we can in days to come measure the distance we have run toward our goal. This ANNUAL therefore is printed to mark the close of our school life and the beginning of a wider and better life which is to follow.

Men from all parts of the globe flock to Granite City to work in its many mills and factories. Its granite and steel wares are found everywhere. We have won renown thru our factories and St. David's Chorus. But much as these things advertise our town, the excellency of its schools will do more toward drawing the best type of citizenship within its borders than anything else. This ANNUAL will be sent to different parts of the U. S. and will show in a small measure what has been accomplished by the normal graduate of our High School. It will give the reader an idea of the business training that our graduates receive. It has real literary value and must serve as the best of advertisement Granite City could possibly have.

Now I have come to the last question. A question that is put to us at every turn of the road: "Will it Pay? Will it pay the Seniors? The undergraduates? The advertiser? WILL IT PAY?" Everything in this work-a-day world of ours is measured by the pay standard. Men and women everywhere are concentrating practically all of their time and efforts on doing something that will pay, and we have followed in their wake and have made this ANNUAL a success: have made it pay. It has paid us financially, but that is the smallest part of the deal. It has paid the advertiser, for advertising always pays in dollars and cents plus the satisfaction it gives the merchant that he has helped along a good and noble enterprise. The value of this Year Book to the High School pupils is not to be measured in the pleasure of instruction we get out of it now, but its true worth will come to us in after years, when we are scattered to the utmost parts of the earth and all we shall have to connect our school days with life then will be the "IMP," in which we can see the likenesses of those we once knew. It is then that we will recall the deeds done while in the G. C. H. S. and in the gay, studious life surrounding it. The jokes will then bring a new joy to our work and if some one of us has not done his best in the past, who knows but that the sight of some familiar face may inspire him to attain a higher ideal. If this book should in any way give us a lift now and then as we journey along it will have paid us in goods that cannot be measured in time or money but only in eternity.



McKinley High School

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# Members of Board of Education

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DR. R. D. LUSTER



ALVIN MOREFIELD  
Secretary of Board



R. A. BULL  
President of Board



J. ODUM



QUINCY MATHIS

*Mr. Prohardt—He knew himself to sing and build lofty rhyme.*





JOHN SELB  
Treasurer of Board



J. R. BEALE



FRED WAGNER



A. F. HOWE



C. PRIMROSE

*Mr. Ward*—Stately and tall he moves through the hall. Up much too high  
to hear any one call.

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# Faculty

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LUCILLE FURNAS  
English



ANNA C. MARTIN  
Languages



L. P. FROHARDT  
Superintendent of Schools



INEZ HIGHFILL  
History



G. W. WARD  
Science and Mathematics

*Mr. Atwood*—The very pine-apple of lady-likeness.



EMMA WEST  
Commercial



W. H. ATWOOD  
Science



PERRY H. HILES  
Principal of High School  
Mathematics



BESSIE MORGAN  
Assistant Music Teacher



FLORINE HENSON  
Music

*Mr. Hiles*—Thou canst not speak of that thou doest not feel.

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# Editorial Staff

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EDW. J. PLATO	Editor-in-Chief
ETHEL HOLDINHAUS	Associate Editor
CHRISTY BAECHTOLD	Business Manager
RUTH E. ELLISON	} Jokes and Personals
GRACE ODUM	
CHARLES FOEHSE	Athletics
MABLE RIGGS	} Literary
KATHERINE RATH	
WILLIAM EVANS	Staff Cartoonist.





ETHEL HOLLINGHAUS



CHRISTY BAECHTOLD



EDWARD PLATO



RUTH ELLISON



GRACE ODUM

*Frank Bethel*—I am going out into the cemetery to see the world.



CHARLES FOEHSE



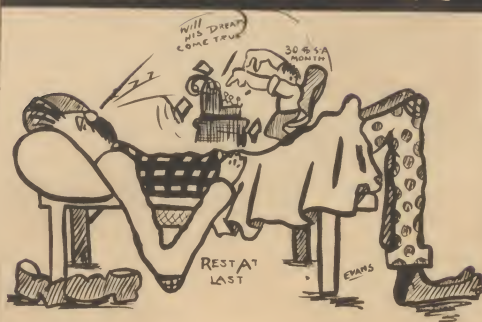
MABLE RIGGS



KATHERINE RATH

*Trevor Lewis*—Silence often gets the best of an argument.

# SENIOR



*Class Motto: A Day Unsealed with Sunset*

*Class Flower: American Beauty Rose*

*Class Colors: Wine and Champagne*

*Charlie Watson—I know I am good looking but I don't go around and blow about it.*

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## Class Officers

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WILLIAM LEWIS  
President



MABEL RIGGS  
Vice-President



EVERETT TOSH  
Secretary



ARTHUR REIMERS  
Treasurer

*Elza Wells—The laughing animal is man.*



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# Seniors

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HELEN WATKINS

Far lovelier than the roses in their prime.  
By voice excels the closes of sweetest  
rhyme.



EARNEST ROBERTSON

An athlete of rare quality



CHARLES FOEHSE

Silence is the college yell of the school of  
experience.



PEARL ROSENBERG

I am resolved to grow fat and look young  
'till forty.



*Martha Evans*—I have only a girl's reason—I think so because I think him so.



FAIRY DUNCAN

Fairy, Fairy, you are too wise, too wise, too  
wise for your size.



MARY VOORHEES

While the way of the transgressor may be  
hard, it is seldom lonesome.



GERTRUDE McANARNEY

Leisure is sweet as honey to my heart.



ETHEL McREYNOLDS

A light heart lives long.

*Dora Reimers*—With tears and laughter for all time.

DAISY PICK

With her curl so fair and quaint,  
And her eyes of innocence,  
Beauteous as any saint  
Free from folly or pretense.



MABEL RIGGS

'Tis time to curb the passions madden  
sway and wipe the mourner's bitter tears  
away

ETHEL HOLDINGHAUS

Wearing all the weight of learning lightly,  
like a flower.



LETHA COMER

And well she can persuade

*Priscilla Davis*—This bud of love, by summer's opening breath, may prove a  
beauteous flower when next we meet.



WILLA MUELLER

Many a girl with a soft voice possesses a  
marble heart.



BEA COOLY

Put off until tomorrow the worrying you  
might do today.



MARGARET VOIGHT

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
he cometh not."



BESSIE MILLER

She either poses, supposes, or imposes.

*Miss Highfill*—A foot more light, a step more true, ne'er from the heath  
flower brushes the dew.

EVERETT TOSH

Success comes from work oftener than it  
does from good luck.



GRACE ODUM

When some people know their duty they  
manage to stave it off, by asking advice

ARTHUR REIMERS

I put on a sober habit, talk with respect and  
swear once in a while.



CHRISTY BAECHTOLD

Thy eye love's lightning bears,  
Thy voice is awful thunder.

*Miss West*—I remember, oh I remember how my childhood fled by.



RUA PERRY

The successful person is honored and envied.



EDWARD HOMMERT

A moral, sensible, and well bred man.



RUBY HUBER

I talk half the time to find out my own  
thoughts.



KATHERINE RATH

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,  
And tell me whereto ye can liken it?

*Rex Vaughn*—A little, round, fat oily man of nature.

RUTH ELLISON

I read your fortune in your eye.



WILL LEWIS

Brainy men always win success.

ED. PLATO

Every time a wise man makes a mistake he  
learns something.



TINA McKEAN

Marriage is a sure cure for flattery. My I  
must hurry and get a man.



WILLIAM EVANS

Staff Cartoonist



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# Class History of 1913

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By MARGUERITE VOIGHT.



N A FEW days our school life will have passed into memory. The goal we have been seeking together will have been reached, the farewells spoken and we shall be scattered afar. However, before our leave-taking, permit us to relate a few of the experiences, that are uppermost in our thoughts.

Of our Freshman year we have nothing, of much interest to say, for most of us were timid and fearful of the new ground on which we had to tread, but even so, we braved the photographer and had our pictures taken for the Senior Annual.

As Sophomores we were exceptionally brilliant. Within two weeks after school had begun, we had learned to enter classes a minute tardy as leisurely as a Senior, and also in response to the teacher's query, to say, "I don't know," in a manner that would make even the Juniors envious.

By the time we became Juniors our mental abilities were beginning to be recognized very deservedly, for it is rumored some of us were Juniors twice. The latter, however, is tradition and not history. This year, though, is marked by its many social functions, the most enjoyable of which was the reception given by the Junior Class, May 23, 1912. To the stirring music of the orchestra, the merry company pledged anew their friendship and their loyalty to G. C. H. S. This event marked the closing of our Junior year, and a few nights later, we recognized ourselves as Seniors.

We had now reached the happy stage, which had been the dream of our childhood, the ambition of our youth, and the goal of our High School life. As a class, we have accomplished many great and noble deeds, which we may well attribute to our large number and to our great strength of intellect. Like other classes, we have passed through the chambers of the dead languages, and it has been our chief delight to recite "*Gallia est omnes divisa in partes tres*," etc.

We have also become proficient in the study of English. Some of us, while we have not reached the mark of Demosthenes and Cicero, can be accredited with possessing, at least, an inclination toward oratory. Also, the Shakespearean dramas have been studied and commented upon, with the ease and freedom of the world's greatest literary critics. The entire class have bathed in the H<sub>2</sub>O of Science to their head's content, and the vast field of Mathematics has been well surveyed, and we have each received our portion.

It would be useless, indeed, to attempt a complete account of what the class has done, but, most important of all, it has survived. As a class, our work is finished, and now we stand prepared for another long campaign, in which we can no longer advise and cheer each other, but each must rely on his own efforts to achieve success. No longer shall we see those happy smiling faces, and no longer will their familiar voices be heard as we tread our daily path. But such must be. So we part from each other with a hearty grip and a cheery farewell.

*Edith Harrison*—I am the very circumstance and impulse—blown away with the wind.



### Class Officers

President .....	GIRARD VARNUM
Vice-President .....	ALBERT BUSCH
Secretary .....	HENRY FECHTE
Treasurer .....	MARY COWAN

### Juniors

Beale, Mildred	Rigg, Wilfred
Costley, Faith	Rode, Amos
Cowan, Mary	Thomas, Wm.
Cowan, Martha	Varnum, Girard
Deterding, Henry	Williams, Oswald
Fechte, Henry	Wilson, Russel
Houck, Gladys	Huxel, Chas.
Ibbotson, Bessie	Gaylord, Elmer
Jones, Ruth	Wells, Elza
Kelihan, Joe	Coudy, Georgia
Lawin, Edna	Russell, Ben
McKean, Claud	Harris, Lloyd
Morgan, Ceridwen	Elmore, Fred
Pick, Hetty	Jones, Wm.

Rader, Maud

*Miss Martin*—"Our hands have met, and now our hearts."—(Paul).



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# Class Will

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By LETILA COMER



E. THE class of '13 of Granite City High School, Second ward, Nameoki Township, County of Madison, State of Illinois, United States of America, on this the twenty-eighth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen-hundred and thirteen, being of sound mind and memory but mindful of the briefness of time with which you Juniors are to be blessed with the association of the perfect embodiment of brilliancy contained in the class of '13, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, revoking all former wills made by us.

First, it is our just will that the class of '13 do reserve the sum of nineteen cents to be used for the purchase of a handsome wedding present for each of the present faculty, who will, in the future, become members of God's greatest institution, the home. Grave fears may exist that this generous sum is here misapplied, but we Seniors who know the loving and attractive characteristics of our beloved faculty do know wherein we bestow.

To our "Junior baby," Claude McKean, we do give, devise and bequeath our "Senior baby," Arthur Reimer's cherished play things, including his doll, mummy and button-hook, given him by the girls of the Physical Geography class, hoping Claude will appreciate our baby's toys next to Gladys Houck.

We do hereby present to Miss Yenovieve Hazel Mariah Caton, forever and ever, amen, Tina McKean's chewing gum, trusting that when Hazel retires a Senior she will have an ample sufficiency to supply her until the adoption of some other end to chew that affords her the pleasure of her favorite brand, the "Gee-Whiz."

To Marguerite Voight we cheerfully tender the board used in the laboratory, by Mr. Atwood, to abolish pilfering, for her special use in smoothing out the eight curls of Daisy Pick, to be used for a wig for Prof. Perry Houston Hiles.

To Christie Baechtold we do bequeath Eddie Hommert's clod shoes, straw hat and hickory shirt for serviceable wear in the future, in a botanical garden and agricultural station in Nameoki.

To Miss Mabel Eugenia Riggs we, with great confidence, will the hostile dominion of Old Mexico to be converted by her, to the Baptist faith, so that the citizens of that country may aspire and not conspire to be president.

To Grace Odum we hereby will, devise and bequeath, Bill Lewis, until death do them part, realizing that Grace's romantic day dreams can best develop in such a setting of harmony as the ultra-sweet tempered aptitude of mind possessed by our dear Bill.

*Miss Furnas*—"I am not anchored, I never shall be, for I am sailing on the class of infinitive sea."

With (Earnest) sincerity we, the Senior Class tender our most profound  
veneration to Ruby.

To our Senior dwarf, Ruth Ellison, we bestow Ethel McReynolds' super-  
fluous height. In order that our Herculean athlete, Ed Plato, may not grow  
stooped and avoid the dangers to health, that beset an ardent lover who must  
look down in courting.

Having the greatest desire to please the recipients of these various benefac-  
tions, the class of 1913, do hereby will, devise and bequeath all the chicness and  
artistic knowledge of modern fashion in dress to Helen Watkins, for use in her  
chosen vocation as a connoisseur in the art of dress in the Frenchy-American  
modiste's salon.

It is our just will and testament that all the rest, residue and remainder of  
our estate, including faculty, marks, seats, books, lands, tenements, heredita-  
ments, all rights, title and interest, in and to the McKinley High School, any part  
thereof, and all moneys, love-notes and other securities, now belonging to us or  
in our possession, at the time we depart from this life, are hereby heartily given  
to the class of '14, to be used by them for a "spread," to be held at such place  
and such time as would afford safety of life from molestation and attack.

The class of '13 tenders their sincere gratitude to the Faculty and Board of  
Education for their kindness and their tolerance of whatever uncongenial quali-  
ties of mind or manner we may have had during the past four years.

We leave you with deep regret and not unmindful, that whatever of con-  
sequence we are or may become, we owe much to you, for your careful training of  
us, mentally, physically and morally, hence, we will to you, the sentiments con-  
tained in our poem of blessing:

The pains-taking efforts by you to us given  
We promise shall not be in vain.  
Your kindness and patience like true gifts from heaven,  
We'll cherish along with your name.  
When dark clouds of doubt o'ershadow us all  
And the mist seems to darken the way,  
Your love will pierce through the gloomy wall,  
Like a star with its beacon ray.  
So now as we bid farewell to you,  
We will leave our love behind  
That in future years, when in distant climes,  
We may meet in the realm of mind.

Dated at Granite City High School this 28th day of May, A. D. 1913, by the  
Senior Class.

Witnessed by

RUFUS ANDICOTT, Truant Officer.

LEONARD GRAHAM, Janitor.

*Miss Henson*—When I tell all I know, there's one thing I don't know,  
and why, it is hard to tell.



# SOPHOMORE.

## Class Officers

President .....	TREVOR LEWIS
Vice-President .....	CHARLES WATSON
Secretary .....	ESTHER SCOTT
Treasurer .....	HILDA KOHL

## Members

BETHEL, FRANK  
BOYER, LOUISE  
BRAMER, MAX  
CATON, HAZEL  
COMPTON, BRYAN  
COSTLEY, PAULINE  
DUFFY, GLADYS  
EILER, MAE  
ELMORE, EDITH  
FLEISHMAN, SAMUEL  
FROHARDT, IRWIN  
GISLER, LUELLA

HARRISON, RANDLE  
HARRISON, EDITH  
HOLDINGHAUS, EVERETT  
IRWIN, RALPH  
KOENIG, VICTOR  
KOHL, HILDA  
LEWIS, WILLIAM  
LEWIS, TREVOR  
LUCKERT, RAYMOND  
McREYNOLDS, RUTH  
MILLER, EARL  
MOREFIELD, MILDRED  
MORGAN, ETHEL

MUELLER, EMIL  
REIMERS, DORA  
REYNOLDS, PEARL  
SCOTT, ROY  
SCOTT, ESTHER  
TAFF, VIRGIA  
THEIS, EDWARD  
VAUGHN, HOLLAND  
VAUGHN, REXFORD  
WATSON, CHARLES  
WILLIS, HARRY  
WINDSOR, LEO

*Mary Cowan*—Thinkst thou Heaven is such a glorious thing? I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou.





### Class Officers

President ..... EDGAR LEWIS  
 Vice-President ..... MARTHA EVANS  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... ZELLA BANDY

### Members

Bandy, Zella	Violet, Orlando	Ambacher, Ruth
Beckett, Madelon	Kogel, Carrie	Ead, Edna
Brown, Cornelia	Kristian, Michael	Gobble, Myron
Butler, Fred	Kunneman, Edw	Heely, Gladys
Davis, Priscilla	Lennartz, Josephine	Krautheim, Wm.
Doering, Dorothy	Lewis, Edgar	Lindley, Kenneth
Evans, Martha	Massar, Leona	Martin, Robert
Eichelberger, Clarence	Miller, Bertha	McGeever, Floyd
Handfelder, Rena	Rhoades, Mae	Mitchel, Claud
Holmes, Virgie	Ryrie, Mildred	Morgan, Muriel
Huff, Earl	Santa, Victor	Mueller, Alva
Jones, Anna	Smith, Finas	Opdenhoff, Harold
Kaiser, Irene	Taylor, Monroe	Pfroender, Margaret
Keep, Elizabeth	Westlake, Wm.	Smith, Irma
	Whaling, Katherine	Williams, Katie

*Mildred Biale*—Love is a desperatething.





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# Salutatory Address

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By DAISY PICK.

## THE REWARD OF A NOBLE LIFE.



O YOU the friends and kindred of the class of 1913 I extend my heartiest welcome. Perhaps we may never assemble again as we are assembled tonight. Tomorrow we shall scatter and each will take up some duty which will tend to separate us more and more as the years pass by. Tomorrow we will no longer be the Seniors of the Granite City High School; but we will be a part of the Alumni of the G. C. H. S.

We have at last reached that stage in life at which we must enter upon the greater joys and sorrows of this broad and extensive world. Tonight we are standing on the threshold of a greater and higher school. Our school days of the past may have been tiresome at times and some of us may have been discouraged. Yet as we toil onward in life I trust we may look back upon them as the happiest ever spent.

Tonight we will step out of a school in which we have been so faithfully led and taught by our willing teachers, into another school, known as life, in which our only tutor will be experience. What this future school has in store for us we know not. But of this we can be sure; that the lessons and problems set before us in this the greatest of all schools, will be harder by far than those of previous years. There may be many a failure and many a struggle for each one of us. Yet may we not be discouraged. But let us strive ever onward, that each hardship with which we must contend may only strengthen us with the determination of accomplishing that which we have purposed to attain. What ever may be our employment in life or what ever our course may be, let us each toil onward and upward to gain at last the reward of a noble life. And what is the reward of a noble life? By reward I do not mean *that* which we shall receive after this temporary existence. But I am speaking of *that* which the world offers to each noble life. It is success. It may bring neither fame nor glory, it may not bring power or wealth, but it does bring to us the conviction that we have performed our duty in this life to the best of our ability. What greater reward can we desire? It is that knowledge which brings peace and happiness to the life of each one of us. It is that knowledge which tells us that we have accomplished some great aim in life. And the greatest aim of every one of us should be, to live an honest, virtuous, and a noble life.

And now what shall we do to gain this reward? First of all let us remember that nothing can be accomplished without an aim; he who has no aim has no

*Fred Ellmore*—Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.

ambition and therefore is not worthy to live in this world and partake of its joys and happiness. To him who has no aim, success shall never come. Life will be a burden to him and his days on earth will bring no reward.

Therefore to attain the reward of a noble life we must have some aim for the future. It does not mean that we strive for some high position, for wealth, for fame, for honor, but that we above all strive for usefulness. Should our task be a lowly one, if it requires noble deeds it shall bring on sequel reward.

And now to the members of the class of '13 may the aim be to live so as to obtain the reward of a noble life. May we each remember that only our thoughts and deeds of the present shall determine our life of the future. That the attainment of success shall be won by the accomplishment of the little things as well as the great things of life. May we each remember that nature has endowed each one of us with those gifts through which we are able to attain success as we would desire it. Thus our lives will be what we make them. And if we make them what they should be, success shall come at length as the reward of each noble life.

Life is a leaf of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two and then comes night  
Greatly begin! Though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime—  
Not *failure*, but *low aim* is crime.



*Georgia Coady*—So haughty and aloof, she seems, of love she never even dreams.

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# Class Poem

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By MABEL E. RIGGS.

As o'er the horizon the rosy dawn peeps,  
Revealing the glories of morn,  
Never wearied by progress time gently creeps,  
On its endless orbit of time.  
The flowers are all freshly covered with dew,  
And above in the tinted sky,  
Our minds are impressed by the clouds' varied hue,  
T'is a day unsealed with sunset.

Then the sunshine dispels the beauteous morn,  
With brilliant radiant rays  
It attempts with its light, the day to adorn;  
And dispels all the beauties of dawn,  
It caused the grass and the flowers to grow;  
And it drives away all the gloom;  
What Fate has in store for us, we do not know,  
The day is unsealed with sunset.

Sometimes the dark clouds will o'er shade the sun-light  
And weary the day then may seem,  
We feel so despondent, our hopes all take flight,  
The sunshine is driven away.  
Is nature not perfect in all of her works?  
The flowers sometimes need the rain  
No doubt such provision in the dark clouds lurks,  
For day is unsealed with sunset.

Each one of our lives, is like this fleeting day  
So filled with numerous changes,  
It sheds its bright sunlight as does the sun's ray  
And seems fresh and sweet in its youth.  
T'is like all the flowers fast fading away;  
Time stops not one moment to rest;  
How oft, we would stop it for just one brief stay  
That day, be unsealed with sunset.

Dear friends! all the moments we waste here, are gone,  
They are like pearls cast before swine  
They are gone then, forever just like the dawn.  
And the sunset will come too soon.  
There is much to accomplish; is this not true?  
Each pearl should be prized, at its worth,  
May glory and honor reward all you do  
While day is unsealed with sunset.

*Will Thomas*—Still sticking his nose into this and that.

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# Class Essay

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By ARTHUR REIMERS

## EVOLUTION OF TRANSPORTATION IN UNITED STATES.



TRANSPORTATION has evolved along four distinct lines, water navigation, railroad, vehicles and air navigation. In the early history of our country, when it was uninhabited by the white people the Indian, then the master of this country in his uncivilized state, carried on transportation by means of the canoe and horse. The canoe marks the highest degree of development that he attained.

When Columbus discovered America he used small sail boats which would today be considered for use on small bodies of water only. The weight of each boat was about two or three hundred tons. From then on until 1807 most of the transportation was carried on by the sail boats. In the same year Robert Fulton, of New York, made the first successful voyage down the Hudson in the steamer, "Clermont." Man thought this was impossible but was convinced when he saw the vessel moving slowly from the shore. One year later a regular steamboat line was established between New York and Albany. Within five years steam ferries were introduced in New York and Philadelphia and the steam vessels were running on the Delaware. In 1819 the "Savannah," voyaged from New York to Savannah and thence to Liverpool. It was not long after this until they were introduced on the western rivers. People began to realize the importance of transportation by water and it increased to such a great extent that in 1823 the Erie Canal was built. However the steamboat was not used much on this canal as the low flatboat drawn by horses and mules was used. In 1840 the first regular steamboat was established from Boston to Liverpool. About this time the people lost interest in canal building, but their interest in ocean navigation increased. The development of the steamship from this time on is not surpassed by another of the achievements of our age. They are built in many different designs as the freight steamer, which conveys freight, the whalebacks of the Great Lakes, for ores and the flat steamers for general merchandise. A modern steamer is like a great floating hotel with its drawing rooms, lobbies, wireless telegraph and the daily newspapers. Navigation on water has reached its climax in the building of the Panama canal which is to be completed in the near future. Thus the eastern and western part of the United States will be brought 12,000 to 13,000 miles closer. It will work hand in hand with the central states as the Mississippi river system touches twenty of them.

The next great step in transportation was the railways. The first tramway was built in 1807 in Boston and vicinity. The cars were drawn by horses but were replaced by the imported steam locomotive. In 1820 Peter Cooper built

*Henry Fechte*—I am monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute.

an American locomotive for the Baltimore and Ohio Company. A few years later the first long road was built from Charleston to Hamburg, covering 136 miles. The growth was very rapid and was aided in many ways by the government. In 1830 there were only 23 miles; 1860, 30,000 miles; 1880, 93,000 miles, and 1900, 190,000 miles. In 1873 the building of railroads was the most extensive. An enormous capital was invested which caused the panic. Co-operating with the railways are express and freight companies. The express companies, which furnish rapid transportation for small packages, were organized locally, but are now conducted by a number of separate companies. As a result of this the rates are very high. The freight companies, which furnish transportation for larger and heavier articles, seem to favor the larger companies by giving them lower rates. This was stopped by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Our mail system also works hand in hand with the railroads. It is one of the greatest of the day for our fast trains carry the mail from one part of the United States to another in a very short time. Recently the government adopted the Parcel Post which is a means of carrying small packages by mail. It is in the hands of the government and as a result the rates are very low. Almost every civilized nation has adopted this system. The electric lines are now coming into use. The cost of installing a line is very small compared with that of the steam road. The electric traction has proved to be a real boon to the country dwellers. The New York Central has electrified some suburban lines out of New York with gratifying results.

Among the first means of transportation was the horse and wagon, which was used to a great extent, but the cost of maintaining the former has brought in the bicycle and automobile. They have been increasing very rapidly. Statistics show that in 1906 alone the total number of motor vehicles of all kinds produced in the United States were 32,000, the total number in use, 80,000. These vehicles can be made into almost any shape or form as a result 1,000 electric trucks, 2,000 electric delivery wagons are used in United States, giving varying satisfaction. Dozens of railroads have built motor cars for suburban rail service.

In spite of the automobile some men have succeeded, after much experimenting, in inventing an aeroplane. There are many accidents and deaths due to the aeroplane which hinder its progress, but nevertheless it is claimed that it will in some day be as useful as the automobile. The government is now experimenting with the aeroplane in the army department in hope that it will be of a benefit in case of war. This all has been the work of man and in praising him remember that all his power comes from one mightier than he.

In conclusion we can readily see that the means of transportation are the arteries of American business and social life. The effect of the evolution of transportation is that space and time are annihilated, distant places are connected, goods and persons are easily transported, and communication between distant places established.

*Charles Huxel*—One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

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# Social Events

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By KATHERINE RATH AND MABEL REED

## HALLOW'EN PARTY.



THE SENIORS had not had a party up until the latter part of October, and as Hallow'en was near they decided to have a Hallow'en Party.

The Juniors heard of the party and felt slighted because they had not been invited. Their actions made us suspicious and we locked the doors to the Gym, and nailed the windows shut. Some promised to be at the Gym at 6:30 as guards.

Imagine their surprise when they arrived there to find the Juniors had already preceded them. They had a small boy in their crowd who had crawled into the Gym through a broken pane and had made an opening for them.

They loosened the light globes, carried off the electric button to the switch and had concealed the ladders. They were attempting to get into the room where the eats were when the janitor came suddenly into their midst. Then they ran away.

The doors had to be locked, after each senior had been admitted, to keep these prowlers out. When Miss Martin and all the Seniors had arrived, and even Mr. Frohardt came to guard the building from any harm the Juniors might inflict, we played games and enjoyed the music and especially the wedding march, since Arthur Riemers and Wella Miller headed the procession.

Three Junior boys, Claude McKean, Lloyd Harris and Wilfred Riggs climbed into the upper school window. Claude was caught and taken below, later Lloyd was captured and Wilfred losing his courage scrambled out the window. Lloyd was tied with ropes, but the girls plead for him to be released. Then the Senior boys marched the two prisoners to the door and unlocked it, to let them out. Claude, however, was equal to the occasion and giving the Juniors a signal (a shrill whistle), before we hardly realized it, all were pushing in at the door. Prof. Frohardt appeared on the scene and the Juniors terrified hastened away. They declared this was caused by the Professor. But the Seniors claim the victory.

The refreshments were enjoyed immensely and especially the sweet cider. The Seniors had a good time, but the Juniors were like drowned rats since Miss Martin and a few Seniors poured ice cold water upon them from above. All departed giving their expressions of their good time.

## SENIOR SPREAD.

The Seniors waited quite a long time after Hallow'en to have another party, not because they feared the Juniors but because they were too busy to have one. Then as all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy we decided to have a spread. Katherine Rath offered her home for the party to be held on December 19. We not only invited Miss Martin but the whole faculty.

*Maud Rader*—Too much wit makes the world rotten.

The car ride was fine, but the ride through the country was much better. We reached our destination without being held up. Then the fun began.

We played games and had music galore. Refreshments were served in due time. We devoured the sandwiches, pickles, olives, fruit, candy, cakes, as if we were really hungry and thirsty.

We departed with many thanks to Katherine for the royal time, which we had while there. Some of the more sentimental teachers, Misses Martin and Highfill, with some Seniors, walked to the car in the lovely moonlight, while the remainder waited to be conveyed to the car. We waited for the car so long that we thought it wasn't coming and started to walk. When it came in sight a few minutes later we hailed it and jumped on board. Everett Tosh, who had missed his car to Venice the night of the Hallow'en party took special precaution not to miss it and arrived home safely as did the rest of us, without any delay.

### JUNIOR PARTY.

Just before the close of the old year when we had laid away our books for the Xmas vacation we were invited by the class of '14 to a reception on the eve of December 23 in the gym. The sides of the gym were beautifully decorated in our class colors (wine and champagne). At one end stood a Xmas tree in all its festive splendor, while at the other end the Senior motto, "Turn Out the Lights," was displayed in large letters. From the center of the room was suspended a large bunch of mistletoe, and woe be to the lass who strayed too near that spot.

The evening was spent in playing various games such as "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Three Deep." Some of the younger members present became fretful before the evening was over and had to be amused. This was done by placing them in chairs and pushing them up and down the gym floor. During this time several couples strayed out of the gym into the upper regions of the building and became lost. A search party was sent out to bring them back. It was found that all the unfortunates were Juniors. Of course the Seniors knew this dear old G. C. H. S. too well to get lost in it even if the lights were out. At a late hour dainty refreshments were served in the dining room and our Senior baby again distinguished himself by his good behavior at the table. Soon after every one departed in the best of spirits.

Miss West executed the office of chaperon very successfully.

### WATCH PARTY.

The class enjoyed itself so well at the spread given at Katherine's on the 19th of December, that we decided to have a watch party December 31 to watch the old year out and the new year in. The party was given at the president, Wm. Lewis' home. We arrived there early that evening and stayed until early in the morning.

The whole house was turned over to us with the permission to do as we wished, unless we wished to depart with house torn down, which of course would not be permitted.

*Hotty Pick*—A woman's home is her delight, from early morn to late at night.



We were disappointed however because Miss Martin could not be there as chaperon, as it was vacation week and she was out of town. Music and games kept us amused the whole evening. Refreshments were served at a late hour. After hailing the New Year, we departed declaring that we had spent our evening in a most pleasant manner, although there was no excitement furnished us by the Juniors who seemed to be afraid to attempt any more raids.

### FAREWELL PARTY.

As spring drew on and brought with it among other things the opening of the baseball season we were called upon to bid farewell to one of our honorable and distinguished members, Ernest Robertson, who was soon to depart to play with a professional baseball team. A farewell party was tendered him at the home of Miss Ruby Huber another member of the class of '13.

Although all enjoyed themselves immensely, yet we were saddened by the departure of one of the members of our class. And especially was Ruby for she seemed so devoted to Ernest. Music and singing were the features of the evening after which a dainty luncheon was served. All departed leaving Ernest to bid the last farewell. The evening was enjoyed by all.

### SENIOR PARTY.

The Senior boys not willing to be outdone by the girls of the class secretly planned a party for the latter on the eve of St. Patrick. It was held in the gymnasium which was artistically decorated in the cherished green for the occasion. All the girls wore little white aprons and large green ties, some also wore green hair-ribbon remnants of their Freshmen days and truly looked like little Irish maids.

At 8:30 when about all the Seniors had arrived we were startled by the sudden appearance of one of our members through an open window. Our first thought was that it was a Junior for we had been warned earlier in the evening that the lower classmen intended to pay us a visit. But we found that it was only Everett, who in a few words explained that his hasty arrival was due to the nearness of the approaching enemy. Finding that the Juniors were upon us the boys hastily scoured the building to see if all the windows and other means of entrance were securely fastened. Their search revealed the presence of one Junior already within the sacred walls. He was hastily disposed of through one of the open windows of the gym.

No sooner had this excitement subsided than a noise was heard in the room adjoining the dining room. Now as you all know there are two doors leading out of this room, both were securely locked but one being a folding door they quickly burst in upon us, but the Seniors were there to meet them, not only boys but

*Henry Detarding*—Don't flag the busy little bee when he is going straight ahead.

many of the girls as well. The battle that ensued lasted but a few minutes for as soon as the supply of flower-pots and chalk boxes in Miss Stevens room were exhausted the Juniors lost courage and ran. One of their number was taken prisoner. After declaring that he would feel more comfortable on the outside looking in than in the inside looking out he was allowed to depart, although he was bold enough to ask for some ice cream.

The Juniors, although backed by half the boys of the Sophomore and Freshmen class, together with many outsiders, were so badly beaten that they did not attempt another attack.

The remainder of the evening was spent in listening to the jokes and stories told by Miss Martin and Mr. Hiles, our chaperons. At a late hour refreshments were served in the dining room. After which we all departed voting the Senior boys royal entertainers.



*Ruth Jones*—I have lied and loved.

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# Prophecy '13

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By GRACE OGDEN



FEW DAYS ago my mind became so overburdened with the prophecy of the class of 1913 that I decided to take a quiet stroll in the country. As I was walking leisurely along, I saw three old women coming towards me. They looked more like witches than human beings, talking in low, harsh, croaking voices. When they met me they surrounded me and asked to tell my fortune. I refused. Then one stepped forward and said:

"Girl, there is a great problem, which is weighing heavily on thy mind, so if thou wilt meet us tonight as the clock strikes 12 at the old M. E. Church by the Emerson School, thou mayest see and hear something to thy advantage."

So just as the clock struck mid-night I arrived at the door of the old weather beaten church. I heard not a sound except the croak of the frogs and the chirp of a cricket.

Slowly opening the door I entered nearly frightened to death. There in the middle of the room was a great kettle with a blazing fire under it and the three old witches dressed in red were stirring the contents with large wooden spoons. The steam coming out of the kettle was very thick and dense. The old women did not turn nor look at me but one motioned with her hand for me to be seated.

Just as I seated myself a great roar as of some mighty power was heard, and out of the depths of the kettle, sprang a huge engine such as I had never seen before. Standing by its side was a man who appeared to be an inventor. He had red hair and as he turned his head I saw the same blue eyes and freckled face of Charles Fochse.

As the engine faded slowly from sight I caught the sound of rippling water, and there appeared a stone house with one of the most beautiful gardens surrounding it I had ever seen. In the center was a fountain, which had the form of an angel with flowing wings of water. Standing by the fountain was a man, whom I did not know, but I knew the little girl bending over the roses. It was Daisy Pick, happy in her New England home.

By the witches' magic spell I heard the noise like the clap of thunder, and behold there appeared a battle field. The cannon's roar was so intense that I sprang to my feet and clasped my hands over my ears. There in the foremost of the soldiers, I saw a general leap forward with a sword in his hand. I heard his command to charge at which time I saw that he was wounded and it was not long 'till he fell; but his men supported him and he urged his brave men forward, until at last the cry of victory was heard. Then they carried him back

*Elmer Gaylord*—Eating little and sleeping little can never do man harm.

to the nice clean tents of the Red Cross Society. A little nurse who had light hair, large blue eyes, came forward. The general looked up and I heard him say, "Marguerite, is it you?"

She replied, "Yes, Christie, 'tis I."

As they clasped hands I knew that their minds went back to the time when they were students of the old G. C. H. S. But not long did she stand thus, for if she wished to save the life of her patient she must needs get to work. Just then a physician came into the tent, and as he looked around Marguerite and Christie exclaimed, "Everett Tosh! What are you doing here?" He said that he was the physician for the army and was ready to do his duty.

I saw a large city come slowly up with the streets crowded with people straining their necks to see some object. As I gazed spell-bound there came an open carriage down the street, with a tall slender man standing in it, bowing first to the left then to the right. Seated by his side was a lady with dark hair and eyes, waving at the great throng. This was Arthur Reimers, the president of the United States, and his wife, Wella Mueller.

The carriage rolled further and further away until at last its pompous splendor disappeared.

With great expectancy I leaned forward, and from the depths thereof arose an object which glittered with such brilliancy, that I was obliged to close my eyes. When I opened them, there before me was a golden cup, with the inscribed words on it, "Awarded to the Champion Athlete." Then the cup slowly arose and remained suspended in mid-air as if held by an invisible hand over the scene of the Olympic Games. Just at this critical moment the Marathon race was coming to a close and I heard the enthusiastic onlookers shout "Hurrah for the American," and leading the representatives from all nations of the world the young American triumphantly reached the goal. Then the cup slowly descended and rested in his hand as his friends lifted him upon their shoulders. I recognized Ernest Robertson, the one time star of the basket ball team of the G. C. H. S.

As I gazed with undisguised admiration at my old classmate I caught the sound of a gentle zephyr stirring the leaves of trees, and with a more dense puff of steam, there before me were the picturesque Ozarks, and seated before his easel, on the side of a mountain, painting the beautiful scenery, was a young man. I thought that his head of curly hair looked familiar and as I looked more closely I recognized Edw. Plato.

The fire died down low under the kettle and I heard a sound as of some talking in low tones and there appeared a scene of a "Black Hand Society," who called themselves "The Human Four."

I saw a young lady enter a door at the rear of the room. As she stood in a listening attitude I saw that it was Bessie Miller, a girl who was always noted for her bravery. She raised her hand and motioned to some one behind her and about four policemen entered and arrested the thieves. I heard one of the policemen say the Miss Miller has even surpassed Sherlock Holmes in unraveling deep mysteries.

*Wilfred Rigg*—When there is nothing else to do at nights, I study

When the first moments of surprise were over I waited with intense interest for the next scene. I was little prepared for the studio of a sculptor. But shortly I saw seated in the midst of the various statues and beautiful pictures the fair haired Ruth Ellison, with a frown on her pretty, but serious face. She was working on the statue of an "Imp,"<sup>31</sup> a masterpiece in itself.

Oh, the beautiful music I then heard, words could not describe it. It was immortal. There slowly arose a stage of a great coliseum and standing in the center was a girl playing a violin. The coliseum was crowded to overflowing to hear the wonderful American Violinist, Pearle Rosenberg. Even the king of England and his royal family were present.

Then one of the witches softly said some magic word and the music passed away softly. Laughter, music, and dancing were heard, and out of the depths there arose a large room. Coming down the center of the room was Helen Watkins, a leader of society, talking to the Prince of Wales who had come over to New York for a few days stay on business.

As the music and dancing died away I caught the sound of hoof beats, and there appeared a girl riding for recreation after a rehearsal for a concert. She was riding a beautiful bay at a tremendous pace, and as she went speeding into space I caught the glimpse of the familiar face of Bea Cooley, who was the Jockey Girl of our class.

Just as I had seated myself in a more comfortable position (for I had nearly fallen off my chair as Bea went by like a whirl-wind) the wilds of Africa came slowly to the top and there under a large coconut tree grouped together were thousands of the natives listening to a young lady who was teaching the gospel to them. I was astonished to see Katherine Rath as a missionary, for she was always so timid and quiet. But nevertheless she was there.

The sound of a band and trumpets soon recalled to me the fact that some thing unusual was going to happen, so I braced myself for the ordeal. There came marching right out of the kettle, a parade of women with their big bold lettered banners, "Votes for Women," waving in the air and down the line there came a woman riding a snow white charger. As she drew near the head of the parade she placed a whistle in her mouth and blew it. Instantly all was quiet. She made a speech while seated upon her horse. Her speech was eloquent and as she finished I heard men's voices, as well as women's, shout "Hurrah for Miss Voorhees the Mayor of Granite City."

The contents of the kettle began to bubble and sputter, the steam came faster and thicker, and with a puff more dense than any before, there came up the interior of a court house, and filing in slow procession, came the nine judges of the Supreme Court dressed in their sombre black robes. Leading them was my one time classmate William Lewis.

I now caught the sound of sacred music and there appeared a church, which was the largest Baptist Church in America. A young lady was singing a beau-

*Lloyd Harris*— "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dogs bark."<sup>32</sup>

tiful page called "Emanuel." Her voice rose and fell like the waves of the sea. I recognized Mabel Riggs. The minister arose then and, inspired by the song which his wife had sung, preached an eloquent sermon.

The witches began to walk around the kettle and sing in low guttural voices in some unknown language, and while they were doing so there came out of the depths, an operating room, such as doctors of science use. The man, who was working therein had just finished grafting a pair of limbs on to a man who had been crippled for years. The doctor was none other than Edward Hommert.

It was fortunate for me that I was too frightened to move for just at this minute a green light lit up the old church and just as the witches whispered "Be still," an aeroplane came sailing out of the green light, in which a girl was flying and as it sailed very closely to me I recognized Rua Perry.

Now I heard the rolling and dashing of the restless ocean and a large ship could be seen rising and falling gracefully with the waves, and as it sailed past me I caught the glimpse of a pretty girl, who was talking to a young man. I heard an old lady say in answer to a question that the young lady was Gertrude McAnanary, the girl of leisure.

The green light faded and gave place to a bright red light. As this change took place I saw the interior of a house, and there sat Ruby Huber writing. She raised her head and said, "Oh! I have written so many novels about other people, now I am going to write one in which I am the heroine and Ernest my hero."

I now heard cheering and there arose a temperance speaker, who was lecturing in a large hall. I heard some one say that she was Ethel McReynolds, a second Carrie Nation, only she does not use the "Hatchet" but wins by kind and gentle words.

An office came slowly to the top of the kettle. A lady seemed to be drawing plans for some great building which was to be the largest library in America. I saw by the letters on the door that this was the office of Christina McKean, an architect. Fairy Duncan was to be the chief librarian of this library.

The witches began to stir the contents of the kettle as fast as they could and there arose a room of a high school highly decorated with portraits of distinguished Latin men, and seated before the desk I observed Ethel Holdinghaus teaching a Latin class.

The fire was nearly out under the kettle, the room became darker, and then all of a sudden there appeared a kitchen. I saw Letha making the icing for a large delicious looking cake, which was on the table. Letha, when in our school days had always said that she was going to be a domestic science teacher, so I saw that she really had become one for Bill.

Now the twenty-eighth picture was coming to the top. This was mine so I could not wait. I leaned forward to take a peek into the kettle and lo and behold the witches and the kettle disappeared in the flash of fire and a mighty clash and I stood alone.

*Faith Costley*—Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

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# Oration

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By WM. H. LEWIS.

## THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS IN AMERICA.



THE world as it exists today is in its highest stage of development. The ideal conditions of the men that live in it are profound proofs of this undeniable fact. But of all the countries that have helped the world to develop into its present stage of existence, America alone stands pre-eminent and supreme.

Should you endeavor to trace the rise of the Republic from the discovery of the North American continent to the present time you would find that the spirit of progress, which has always existed in this country, has been the greatest factor in the moulding of our national character. It has also produced our distinctive political and moral national traits.

Four hundred years ago America was an unknown wilderness. It was a space of territory that stretched from the frozen regions of the North to the sunny skies of the tropics; from the stormy Atlantic to the calm Pacific. A land embracing every variety of climate, and a soil capable of producing every product of the earth, from the stunted herbage of the North to the luxuriant fruits of the tropics. A land overflowing with mineral deposits, from the invaluable veins of coal, to beds of the most brilliant and precious minerals. It pours out in streams, oil for burning, salt that but requires the heat of the sun for its perfection and beds of pure soda, that cover the earth like the dust in the highway. In short all that is needed for the preservation and comfort of animal and human life, exists in this favored land in the greatest profusion.

Such is the land designated by God for the home of liberty. Nor have the people to whom God intrusted this land abused the trust. For have they not discovered processes for the rise and distribution of this wealth, these alone in themselves are proofs of the Great Spirit of Progress that exists in this land of ours. In the short space of four centuries, the American people have grown from a race of hardy adventurers to a "mighty continental nation," still increasing with a rapidity that is almost marvelous. They have built up their country on a scale of magnificence of which they are justly proud. They have covered it with powerful and free states, and splendid cities, connected by a net work of railways, telegraphs, navigable rivers and canals, which bind all the scattered parts into one solid whole. They have made a commerce and system of manufactures before which the fabled wealth of Tyre sinks into insignificance.

They have created a literature which commands the respect of the world; they have illustrated their Spirit of Progress by deeds of arms not less splendid

*Amos Rhode—"My life is but a walking shadow."*

than their more peaceful achievements, and they have given to the world names in every walk of life that will never die. They have shown that liberty and power can go hand in hand; they have made themselves into a nation in which God is feared and respected above all things. They have created a land in which Christianity is the basis, in which ignorance and vice are despised. A country in which the great lesson that liberty is possible only to an educated and virtuous people is being practically demonstrated. The history of Progress of America is a grand record of highest achievements of humanity, the noblest, most thrilling and glorious story ever penned on earth. We have triumphed over adversity; now we are called upon to bear the test of prosperity, and if we in the glory of our success do not forget our Creator and Redeemer, by his blessing this country will continue to be a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace and of Liberty, upon which the world will gaze with admiration forever.



*Oswald Williams*—"He that winketh with the eye causeth sorrow."





The officers of our Athletic Association are as follows: C. Baechtold, President; C. McKean, Vice-President; H. Feehte, Secretary; Wm. Atwood, Treasurer.

Will Witner—A wise man puts his ears on the job and gives his tongue a rest.

## GAMES AND SCORES.

G. C. H. S. 47.	G. C. H. S. second team	49
G. C. H. S. 55.	Bellville	37
G. C. H. S. 46.	N. E. A. C. Alton	22
G. C. H. S. 77.	O'Fallon H. S.	20
G. C. H. S. 24.	Collinsville	46
G. C. H. S. 17.	N. E. A. C. Alton	21
G. C. H. S. 41.	Universal A. C., St. Louis	42
G. C. H. S. 26.	Mt. Vernon	34
G. C. H. S. 22.	Mt. Vernon	24
G. C. H. S. 13.	Du Quoin	16
G. C. H. S. 49.	Litchfield	32
G. C. H. S. 16.	Hillsboro	44
G. C. H. S. 90.	Collinsville	24
G. C. H. S. 26.	Centralia	34
G. C. H. S. 92.	Eden College	19
G. C. H. S. 15.	McKendree College	35
G. C. H. S. 50.	McKendree College	39
G. C. H. S. 35.	Ahanni	35
G. C. H. S. 30.	Litchfield	40
G. C. H. S. 18.	Shelbyville	68
G. C. H. S. 15.	Bellville	38

Won, 8; lost, 13; tied, 0. Total number of points, G. C. H. S., 805; opponents, 729.

The Seniors played a game with Venice defeating them by a score of 41 to 24 and also with the Juniors, defeating them, 63 to 19.

The line-up of the Senior team was as follows: E. Plato, R. F.; A. Remmers, L. F.; C. Baechtold, Center; E. Tosh, R. G.; Wm. Lewis, L. G.

Our team was not able to enter into the Southern Illinois Championship Tournament on account of several disputes. The opposing contestants barred several members of our team, saying that they had played professional basket ball. If we would have been able to compete in this tournament we would have no doubt captured the banner.

*Russel Wilson*—Any man's credit is good when it comes to borrowing trouble.



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. MCKEAN, WM. ATWOOD, COACH E. ROBERTSON  
 BOTTOM ROW: O. WILLIAMS, E. GAYLORD, G. TAPP, CAPT. E. PLATO, MGR. L. HARRIS

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# Athletics

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By CHRISTY BAECHTOLD.



UR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION was organized in 1906 and has accomplished much since its organization.

The first contest was a county track meet, which we entered in the spring of 1905, when we were obliged to take second place due to lack of practice which could not be obtained. We have continually progressed since then, and took first place in the meet of 1906 at Upper Alton and also in 1907 at Collinsville.

In the county meet of 1908 Granite City and Alton tied for first place. Trouble arose between these contestants and as a result the Madison County High School Association was dissolved.

Track meets were then given up and none were held until the spring of 1911. The Alton District Inter-scholastic Association was then organized. Their first meet being held at Sportsman's Park, Alton and Granite City again carried away the banner.

This meet seemed to enliven the public and interest the schools and another meet was decided to be held at the same park in 1912. In this meet the boys of Granite City again proved themselves the strongest and defeated the competing schools. The number of points were divided as follows: Granite City, 61; Alton, 52; Collinsville, 16, and Edwardsville, 6.

The track team entered another meet which was held at Harrisburg, Ill., but as they were not in a very good condition after arriving at their destination, they could not win very many honors and concluded to be satisfied with third place.

Another meet will be held in Alton on May 24, 1913. The competing schools are: Granite City H. S., Alton H. S., Collinsville H. S., and Edwardsville H. S. We are also expecting many good results from this meet and everybody is welcome to attend.

Baseball or football have never gained success in our High School, but basket ball has been one of the main features. Our first basket ball team was organized in 1906 and was provided with an outdoor court on which to practice. They scheduled two games during the season and lost both. But this did not discourage their successors, who had a gravel floor to play upon after the New High School was completed and a large gymnasium built. They played five games of which they were the winners of four.

The following year (1908) the Athletic Association had a good hardwood floor put into the gymnasium and they decided to make use of it which they

*Edna Lawin*—Such a quiet modest little girl.

dish, and every team since has had success. They played eighteen games, in two of which they were defeated.

In 1909 they grew still stronger but had not reached their limit. In 1910 they were able to compete in the Southern Illinois Championship Tournament but failed to conquer first place. In 1911 the banner of the Southern Illinois Championship Tournament was carried home with triumph. This also occurred in 1912. In these two years the teams were also represented in the State Championship Tournament but were the winners of second place both times.

At the opening of the basket ball season of 1912 and 1913 an athletic meeting was held the early part of the school year and Edward Plato was elected manager and captain of the basket ball team. But resigned the captaincy after a short time and Gratt Taff was then elected as captain. The boys which were selected to represent the first team were practically all strangers to one another in basket ball because they had not played together enough. They played many games during the season but as a result had not won many, although they were very fast and their total number of scores amounted to more than those of their opponents. Very few of them had ever played on strange floors which was also a great hindrance to them.

The line-up of the team was as follows: E. Robertson, R. F.; O. Williams, L. F.; E. Plato, Center; G. Taff, L. G.; C. McKean, R. G.; E. Gaylord, W. Harris, L. Harris, Subs.



*Crawd! M. Kean—Lusus naturae, mirabile visum. (A freak of nature wonderful to see.)*

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# Valedictory Address

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By ETHEL HOLDING

## "HIGHER."



HIGHER! It is a word of noble import. It lifts the soul of man from low and groveling pursuits, to the achievement of great and noble deeds. It ever keeps before him the goal of his ambitions, until it has been fully realized.

Higher! Lisps the infant at mother's knee, as it strives to rise from the floor. It is the first inspiration of childhood, to burst from the confines of the cradle, and to use its feeble limbs, which later walk in the stateliness of manhood.

Higher, shouts the school boy as he strives with his classmates for the honor. Nothing is too difficult, if only he might succeed in the race.

Higher, repeats the student of philosophy and nature. He now has entered a larger field, and meets with many adversities, but he must overcome them all. He burns the mid-night oil in his efforts to master the problems of life and nature. In the stillness of the night he communes with heavenly aid and is strengthened. His soul is never weary in the strife, for the purpose and ideal of his life to aid humanity, urge him on to greater activity.

Higher, he shouts to the world, as he enters manhood well equipped for his pursuit in life. Nothing, as yet, has been too hard for him to attempt, he is always pushing on to higher things. Life is not a dream to him. It is real. It is earnest. The forces of evil and right are striving for mastery, and he has a part to play, for the victory may depend on him. With eloquence, he works in the cause of right and truth. His whole life is wrapped up in humanity and its needs. What is success to him? Is it wealth, or fame, or is it the knowledge, that by his efforts some life has been cheered, some life has been lifted to higher ideals? And when time has left its mark upon him, his heart still overflows with fond thoughts for the welfare of those about him.

Higher Yet! He has reached the climax of earthly honor. He has caused children to love him, older people to honor him, and the whole race of humanity to praise him, for his life spent in their behalf. Yet he still looks forward, with rapturous anticipation to the never fading glory, attainable only in the presence of the most High.

Beloved instructors, to you we owe our greatest gratitude. For to you has been given the lot, to guide our lives into higher channels of thought and work. And, as we pass from under your guidance, we shall more and more realize how great a part you have had in fitting us for life.

*Ceridwen Morgan*—Sweet as a honey suckle.

In behalf of the class of 1913, I extend the deepest thanks to the members of the Board of Education. To you, we are indebted for your untiring efforts in making the Granite City High School both beneficial and pleasant.

Fellow classmates, during the last four years, we have grown to love and adore this McKinley High. We have both studied and enjoyed social times together, but the hour has arrived to which we have been looking forward, with pleasure. To night we bid farewell to these familiar places, and pass out into the world. May the thoughts and ideals we have gained serve us faithfully in our life work. Each, has a part to play in the drama of life and may he strive higher and higher in the achievement of his goal.

"Let us, then be up and doing  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."



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# Illiolian Society

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The present officers are: H. J. Feehte, President; Edw. J. Plato, Vice President; Georgia Condy, Secretary; Hilda Kohl, Treasurer.

A meeting of the Illiolian Society was first called on October 20, 1895. At first it had but a few members, but as the High School grew in numbers so did this society, until at present it has about 500 members enrolled, of which about 425 are Alumnis.





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# Delphian Society

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President, Charles Huxel; Secretary, Ruth Ellison; Vice President, Maude Rader, Treasurer, Bessie Miller.

The Delphian Society was organized in 1905 with twenty-seven pupils as members. Under good management and careful training the membership had increased to three hundred and twenty-six at the end of the term of 1913; two hundred and fifty-four alumni and seventy-two pupils.

The organization must be praised for the good programs rendered during the present term. Their local talent combined with Miss Furnas' skill as an entertainer, has made the Delphians worthy of notice as a literary society.



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# Baccalaureate Services

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HELD AT M. E. CHURCH

May 25, 1913.

Invocation. ....REV. S. F. McDONALD

Vocal Solo. ....*Selected*

B. H. JONES

Scripture Reading—Prayer. ....

Sermon—"Truth".....

REV. C. A. BECKETT

Vocal Quartette.....*Selected*

MESSRS. FRAZIER, JONES, MRS. W. REECE, AND MISS GLADYS JAMES.

Benediction.....

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# Commencement Program

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Piano Solo—Valse Caprice.....	<i>Strelitzki</i>
BEATRICE COOLEY	
Salutatory Address.....	<i>Reward of a Noble Life</i>
DAISY PICK	
Class History.....	
MARGUERITE VEIGHT	
Vocal Duet.....	<i>Selected</i>
HELEN WATKINS, BESSIE MILLER	
Essay.....	<i>Evolution of Transportation in U. S. A.</i>
ARTHUR REIMERS	
Class Will.....	
LETHA COMER	
Class Poem.....	
MABLE RIGGS	
Violin Solo.....	<i>Selected</i>
PEARLE ROSENBERG	
Class Prophecy.....	
GRACE ODUM	
Oration.....	<i>Spirit of Progress in America</i>
WILLIAM LEWIS	
Piano Quartette—Waltz from Faust.....	<i>Gounod</i>
GERTRUDE MCANARNEY, RUA PERRY, WELLA MUELLER, CHRISTINA MCKEAN	
Address to Class.....	
P. H. HILES	
Valedictory Address.....	<i>Higher</i>
ETHEL HOLDINGHAUS	
Presentation of Diplomas.....	
R. A. BULL, President Board of Education	

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# Cast of Characters

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "KENTUCKY BELLE."

Aunt Mariah Douglas.....	Mary Voorhees
Isabelle Douglas.....	Ruby Huber
John Cason Gordon.....	Arthur Reiners
Colonel McMillen.....	Christie Baechtold
Marie Van Harlenger.....	Ruth Ellison
Miss Madden and Miss Gordon.....	Ethel McReynolds
Mrs. Gordon.....	Katherine Rath
Dr. Blake.....	Wm. H. Lewis
Cindy.....	Fairy Duncan
Henry.....	Edward Hominert
Telephone Linemen.....	Edward Plato, Everett Tosh, Charles Foehse

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# Synopsis of Class Play

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## SYNOPSIS OF "KENTUCKY BELLE."

The scene of the play is laid at the plantation home of Miss Mariah Douglas, a southern lady of aristocratic tendencies. Her niece, Isabelle Douglas, is the heroine of the play but has democratic ideas of her own.

John Cason Gordon is a rich New Yorker who is working as a telephone lineman in order to study the labor problem from the inside. He attracts the attention of Isabelle by his daring and she sends her negro maid, Cindy, out to him with a plate of cake.

Colonel McMillen, who is immensely rich and old and homely, is a suitor for Isabelle's hand and has the complete approval of Aunt Mariah.

He calls to propose to her but Isabelle is very inattentive and frequently interrupts him. Just as he is about to say the fatal words, John Cason falls from a telephone pole and she flees from the room to have him brought into her home and cared for.

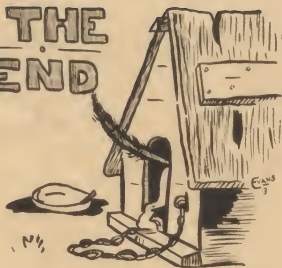
She appoints herself as his guardian and they fall in love with each other.

Her horse, Kentucky Belle, is to enter the races at Saratoga and when Cason proposed, she answered "Yes, if Kentucky Belle wins."

Colonel McMillen hears of Isabelle's promise to Cason and is determined not to be defeated; he accordingly decides to ask for the hand of the elder Miss Douglas if Kentucky Belle is victorious.

Cason and Isabelle can hardly stand the suspense but finally a telegram comes which reads, "Kentucky Belle wins by a neck." The story ends with three engaged couples, Cason and Isabelle, Aunt Mariah and Colonel McMillen and Cindy and Henry. The curtain falls on a pretty love scene with everyone happy and singing "My Old Kentucky Home."

THE  
END





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## Advertisers

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The Editorial Staff of the "Imp" wishes to thank the merchants for their advertisements, which has made it possible for us to make a success of the Annual. Students should remember this, for you will some time be the publishers of the Annual.







Bell, Ill. 219

BOTH PHONES

Kinloch, 219



## GRANITE CITY YARD

20th and A Street

In olden days the girls, sweet things,

Would meekly wait:

Soon, if they shall increase the pace,

They'll weekly mate.

• • •

*Definition*—A Suffragette is a female who is willing to stand up for her rights anywhere, even in a crowded car.

• • •

*Beware*—An open confession may be good for the soul, but its apt to disfigure a reputation.

• • •

Food for reflection never satisfies a hungry man.

• • •

*Mr. Ward*—Why don't you keep something for a rainy day, my dear?

*Mrs. Ward*—Don't be silly dear, haven't I the prettiest rain coat and umbrella you ever saw?

Here's to the Freshies so simple and cute

And from their idle brains the green grass doth shoot.

Here's to the Sophs so mischievous and wise

Who in 1915 will win the big prize.

And here's to the foolish Juniors, as you all know, no doubt.

If they don't quit butting into our Senior affairs

Will finally get booted out.

And here's to the Jolly Seniors

May they live a thousand years.

And in the course of Eternity

Quench all of Humanity's fears.

• • •

*Monroe R.*—Oh, Georgia, if you want to see nature at its best, you should take a trip through the pine woods of the north.

• • •

*Bea Russell*—Oh thou conceited one.

EXAMINE THIS NEW STYLE HALF TONE

# Central Engraving Co.



FOURTH and OLIVE ST.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Our ART DEPARTMENT co-operating with your artists can make your Annual a grand success, also eliminate expensive ideas generally used by Colleges. Write us.

In American History class:  
We heard a terrible rip and roar,  
Miss Highfill sprang to open the door  
And there upon the hard, hard floor,  
Lay poor Claude, with his breeches all  
tore.

• • •  
It has been discovered that kisses,  
we mean love-kisses, are full of elec-  
tricity. Now we know why old maids  
have described them as shocking.

• • •  
There was a young man from St.  
Paughl,

Who went to his girl's house to catchl;  
She was berating the servant  
In language quite fervent,  
Now he doesn't go near at aughl.

• • •  
*Tina McKean*—What is your aim in  
life Arthur?

*Arthur Reimers*—To own a soap fac-  
tory in Granite City.

• • •  
FOR SALE—An automobile, by a  
man with a tank holding ten gallons.—  
Inquire of Rex Vaughn.

• • •  
*Ethel Morgan*—What is your idea  
of heaven, Randall?

*Randall Harrison*—A quart of ice  
cream, two angel cakes, and a quart of  
champagne.

*Ethel*—Well, what is your idea of  
the other place.

*Randall*—An hour afterwards.

• • •  
*Rua Perry*—What is good for big  
feet?

Bill Thomas—Big shoes, to be sure.

• • •

Miss Highfill to Ed. Plato in *English History*—I don't care how much noise you make as long as you are quiet about it.

• • •

Sam Fleishman and Max Bramer seen fighting in the gym the other day. On seeing Sammie very inactive some one yelled, "Sammie, why don't you dive into him and lick him?" "But," said Sammie, "I can't, I'm standing on a nickle."

Trevor Lewis—Come on, set 'em up to a sundae.

Fred Elmore—No, I'm broke.

Trevor—I thought you said you had thousands of dollars to your back?

Fred—Yes, but I was leaning against a bank when I told you.

• • •

Hazel Caton—My goodness, what makes this car so crowded?

Gertrude — Why the people of course.

Bell, Ill. 154

Kinloch, 154

# F. WAGNER

*Manufacturer and Bottler of*

**Absolutely**

**Pure Soda**

*and*

**Mineral Water**

*and*

**Distilled Aerated  
Water**

**2118-20-22 G STREET  
GRANITE CITY, ILL.**

# COMPLIMENTS

*of*

# Fechte-Gaylord

*PUBLISHERS of*

# "The Jinx"

Bessie Miller—What did you learn at college, Bill?

Bill Harris—Baseball, football, basketball and high ball.

Bessie—Well, what is high ball?

Bill—One that goes to the head.

• • •

Irwin Frohart—I never get sleepy.

Gladys Duffy—Of course not its your brains that sleep.

• • •

Tina McKean to Dora Reimers—Your brother stole our gate last night.

Dora—Well, why don't you tell him?

Tina—Because I was afraid he might take a fence.

Kinloch 317 L

Niedringhaus and D St.

## Hillen Studio

*High-Grade Portraits*

GROUPS A SPECIALTY

SPECIAL PRICES TO GRADUATES

OPEN SUNDAYS

*Ceridwen*—What is a kiss?

*Jedge Riggs, Jr.*—It's a short cut to a man's pocketbook. I got a nickel.

. . .

Mr. Atwood on his way back to G. C. after the Christmas holidays. "I went to sleep on the train with my head sticking out of the window and when I got to Nameoki I had three mail sacks hanging on my neck."

. . .

"Love intoxicates a man.

"Marriage sobers him up."

Beware Mick Robertson!  
Before marriage you talk about hearts:  
After marriage its clubs.

Beware Mick!

. . .

On the McKinley car going to the Sophomore party, Holland Vaughn and Ruth McReynolds were seen on the platform and in the rush Holland had

IF in the Market for a Car, Don't Buy until you have looked over the "STUDEBAKER"

BEST CAR FOR THE PRICE

35 . . . . \$1290

25 . . . . 885

20 . . . . 730

ALL CARS FULLY EQUIPPED

First Car Load of 35s will arrive about  
April 15th J. R. BEALE, Agent

put his arms around Ruth, when she was heard to say, "Don't you think we can find room to squeeze inside?"

. . .

*Michel Christian*—When I was in St. Louis and saw the Union Depot I held my breath. When I was in East St. Louis and saw the stockyards I held my nose."

. . .

*Curley Harris*—I was at a funeral today.

*Felix McKean*—Were you one of the pall-bearers?

*Curley*—No I was one of the mourners. He owed me two dollars.

. . .

*Rex Vaughn*—Waiter, have you any frog legs?

*Waiter*—No, its rheumatism that makes me walk this way.

## C. G. Sowell

Wholesale Dealer in

Fine Domestic Cigars

ALL CIGARS UNION MADE

19th and Madison Avenue

Office:  
Kinloch 460

Warehouse:  
Kinloch 290

## E. R. Voorhees

Coal, Moving and General  
Teaming

Moving Pianos a Specialty

OFFICE:  
1828 State Street

WAREHOUSE:  
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# TRI CITY GROCERY CO.

CHEAPEST AND BEST  
PLACE IN THE CITY TO  
BUY

Groceries and Meats

WHOLESALE  
CIGARS and TOBACCOS

THIS PLACE IS UNDER  
NEW MANAGEMENT

L. BEEBE, Manager

19th and C Street



## CHAS. PAULY and SON ARCHITECTS

GRANITE CITY, ILLINOIS

Among the plans suggested by friends and others to the man about to build are some good ideas that the "Architect" of experience can make use of. These entrusted to the Contractor or Builder without expert revision would make the house not only unsightly but unstable.

Designs drafted and plans prepared for Residences, Schools, etc., at this office are beautiful and practical. Many buildings have been erected in this vicinity from our plans.

*Hi*—Are you fond of puppies, Cerdwen?

*She*—What a singular way to propose, Wilfred. Yes, darling.

• • •

They stood beneath the stars, and silent as the heart-beats of the night, looked far away into the diamond-studded shirt front of the sky.

"Is that Mars?" Henry whispered, as he slipped his arm around her waist and gazed upon a glittering orb in that distant blue.

"No, it isn't," Gertrude exclaimed, jerking away; "It's mine and if you think you are embracing mother you are mistaken."

*Miss West*—What a rude woman Miss Frances is. She always looks back at people who pass her.

*Miss Highfill*—How do you know?

*Miss West*—Why I've caught her at it several times myself.

• • •

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"To the cooking school, kind sir," she said.

"And what do you do there, pretty maid?"

"Make waffles and bisenits, kind sir," she said.

"And then do you eat them my pretty maid?"

"The good Lord deliver us, sir," she said.

Our Stock Filled with a Beautiful  
Line of

**SUITS and DRESSES**  
for

Ladies and Misses

Don't forget our Elegant Line of  
**MILLINERY**

**R. S. HOLSTEIN**  
NINETEENTH STREET

Phone 333 L

Get your Clothes Made at the

**Manhattan Tailoring Co.**

Meyer Brothers, Proprietors

**Exclusive Tailors**

UNION MADE

Broadway and State Street

GRANITE CITY, ILL.

*Arthur (tenderly)*—May I see you  
pretty soon?

*Tina (reproachfully)*—Don't you  
think I'm pretty now?

• • •

*Elmer G.*—Oh Russel, your watch is  
gone.

*Russel*—No matter, it can't go long  
enough to get far away.

• • •

*Wall Waggoner*—Ahem! *Letha*—  
ahem—

*Letha (encouragingly)*—Well,  
Will?

*Will*—Do you suppose your sister  
would be willing to be my sister-in-  
law?<sup>13</sup>

• • •

The New York Herald says, "The  
word 'pants' should be eliminated;  
every self-respecting person should in-  
sist on the use of 'trousers' instead."  
All right when a dog gets warm he  
"trousers."

When in need of

**Shoes, Dry Goods  
and Furnishings**

CALL AT

**Buente Bros.**

18th and D Street

**BEST DRY GOODS STORE**

in

GRANITE CITY



**Waschauer Store**

19th and State Street

You may drive the stars in a nail  
keg, hang the ocean on a rail fence to  
dry, put the sky to soak in a gourd and  
unbuckle the belt of eternity, and let  
the sun and moon out, but don't think  
you can escape the place that lies on  
the other side of purgatory if you don't  
pay for your annual.

• • •

A rolling pin gathers no dough.

*Teacher*—Ruby give me a sentence  
using the word gruesome.

*Ruby*—Mr. Hiles quit shaving and  
gruesome whiskers.

• • •

*Father*—Ethel did I not see Carl put  
his arm around you as he said good  
bye last evening?

THE BANK that MAKES the DIME WORTH WHILE

# GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW



The saving of a small sum each day will secure for you an indemnity against the rigors of time.  
The saving of money is really a habit.  
In order to help you acquire the habit, we will provide you with one of our Dime Savings Banks.

GRANITE CITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

· · ·

19th and E Street

*Ethel*—Yes, father dear; but you don't believe in absolutely universal disarmament, do you?

• • •

He dreamed a dream and then awoke  
And laughed for it was funny;  
He dreamed his father died  
And left him all his money.

Hi diddle, diddle,

Mr. Hiles grabbed a fiddle,

Miss West jumped over the moon,

Miss Martin laughed to see the sport  
And a couple ran away to spoon.

Mary had a little cat,

That warbled like Caruso,

Till someone whirled a baseball bat,

And now he doesn't do so.

Little grains of humor,

Little bits of bluff

Makes the simple Juniors

Think they are just the stuff.

1.

Come as quick as you can  
Little maid and little man;  
Let us look at these stories together.  
I will read you the rhymes

About the good times  
They show us in all sorts of weather.

2.

First Bea we meet  
On her horse so fleet  
His name, she tells us, is Teddy.  
She puts on her hat,  
And rides off like that,  
For her horse is kind and steady.

• • •

'Tis strange how many lessons some people have to get—especially in the evening when the table is to set.—*Mabel*.

• • •

*Amos*—Fred, if your brains were made of ink you wouldn't have enough to dot an i.

• • •

*Elmer Gaylord*—Mother, Miss Highfill said I had talents as an inventor.

*Mrs. Gaylord* (pleased)—Did she? What did she say you could invent?

*Elmer*—She said I could invent more new ways of spelling words than anybody she ever saw.



*Beatrice*—Can you sing us a solo, Charlie?

*Charlie*—Yes, I can but I have too much respect for you.

*Wilfred Rigg*—The first thing we do, lets kill all the lawyers.

U's Freshmen don't need no Rhetoric

*Freshman*—May I go out and play now mama?

*Mother*—What, with those holes in your trousers?

*Freshman*—No mama, with those fellows in the street.

*Teacher*—Wilfred, give me a sentence with "dozen" and "toward" in it.

*Wilfred*—I dozen know how I toward my pants.

*Smart Soph*—Translation, "Haece in Gallian inportamus," Hike into Gall—it's important.

*Cecidwen*—Who was that drunken man that said "Hello" to you Wilfred?

*Wilfred*—Oh, that's a full cousin of mine.

## WASHINGTON THEATER

EDISON A. DODGE, Manager

Operated in connection  
with our new

### Washington Theater

AT BELLEVILLE, ILL.

which enables us to secure a  
better class of talent.

OUR PICTURES A FEATURE

*Everett* — Arthur, how was the silence broken?

*Arthur*—Tina dropped a remark

All women are stuck up—judging by the number of pins they use.

Why is it right for B to come before C?

Because we must Be, before we can C.

H. FAULKNER

O. H. JONES

## FAULKNER AND JONES

### LAW and REAL ESTATE

Sacramento Valley, Cal.,  
Land a Specialty

1900 STATE STREET

BOTH PHONES 309

NOISELESS NOISES.

Breaking up a cold.

Smashing a record.

Shooting the rapids.

Forging ahead.

Firing the enthusiasm.

"Shouting" in a saloon.

Barking up the wrong tree.

## GRANITE CITY

Is Growing Rapidly, Property  
Increasing in Value. Buy  
Now. Call at Headquarters.  
We Sell All Classes of  
Property, Homes and Vacant  
Lots for Investment.

PRICES LOW

TERMS EASY

## Granite City Realty Co.

19TH and B STREET

PHONE 191

## Chas. A. Uzzell

### Prescription

## DRUGGIST

19th and D Street  
GRANITE CITY, ILL.

*Miss Furace to William Howard Atwood*—William, has an octopus got eight arms?

*Mr. Atwood*—Yes, Lucile.

*Lucille* [wistfully]—Wouldn't it be nice, William if you were an octopus?

• • •

Papa may I hike with the suffragettes?

Not if it calls for anything in the way of a special hiking costume, my dear.

• • •

### A FLORAL ROMANCE

*Sweet William* was a bachelor.

He led a lonely life;

Said he, "I'll go a courting

And find myself a wife."

He called on *Black-eyed Susan*

In her humble little cot

He whispered, "You are a *daisy*."

She said, "*Forget-me-not*."

He kissed her on her red *tulip*,

His heart beat fast and faster,

Said he, "I'll have her for my wife."

And so he up and *Aslor*.

"And when shall we be married?"

She blushed a rosy red.

"Will June, the month of *roses* do?"

"Of course it will," he said.

The wedding day dawned fair, and  
bright:

The *morning glories* shone.

*Jack-in-the-pulpit* tied the knot

He had his *fox-gloves* on.

A lunch was served at *four o'clock*.

The bouillon was quite sloppy.

The bride was nervous as could be

And champagne corks were *poppy*.

And when it all was over

God speed was wished by all.

The bride's maids all wore *violet*

And the rice did loudly fall.

The wife jumped on the train step.

"*My bouncing Bet*," quoth he.

"I'll *live-for-ever* by thy side

And always happy be."

Palmer Perfumes are the  
BEST

## Henry Ratz DRUGGIST

Sole Agent 19th and State St.

*Claude*—Gee! I don't think much of the fellow Mable goes with.

*Wilfred*—Well she does her best anyway. You ought to see the ones she turned down.

. . .

*Erwin Frohardt*—'Tis better to have loved and lost her than never to have loved at all.

. . .

*Dorothy Doring*—To know her was to love her.

. . .

*Miss Highfill*—In which of his battles was Gustavus Adolphus killed?

*Will Lewis* (after reflection)—I think it was in his last battle.

. . .

*Old Lady* (to grocery boy)—Be thin eggs on the counter fresh?

*Will Winter*—Yes'm.

*Old Lady*—How long have they been laid?

*Will*—Not very long, ma'am. I laid 'em there myself less'n half an hour ago.

A Complete Line of

ROSE BUSHES and  
NURSERY STOCK  
ROSENBERG'S

5c—10c—25c Store  
ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW  
19th and State Street

Both Phones

## Michel Brothers Cash Grocers

Busiest Grocery Store in  
GRANITE CITY

2200 STATE STREET

A nice clever young man went to a little evening party at Miss Christina McKean's the other night. This young man was introduced to several pretty girls, but he showed a distinct preference for Helen Watkins and her he led to supper. While there he was heard to say, "I like you a lot."

Helen (surprisingly). "Why do you like me?"

"You're the only High School girl I ever liked."

Helen: "But why am I?"

"Aw—all the other High School girls seem to know so much!"

. . .

Give a small boy a piece of chalk and he will make his mark.

"Go to the aunt, thou sluggard." may be good advice, but the modern sluggard is more likely to go to his Uncle.

. . .

*Junior*—Why does Miss Highfill look at her watch so often?

*Second Junior*—Perhaps there's a man in the case.

"By Jinx"

McAnarney  
BUILDS THE BEST HOUSES  
in GRANITE CITY

BY JINX

2262 D Street

*Don't forget to attend  
the Class Play*

**"Kentucky  
Belle"**

*given by*

**SENIOR CLASS**

*at*

McKinley High Auditorium

**May 26, 1913**

Admission, 25c and 35c

Sash

Trimmings

**PLANING  
MILL**

Door

Stairs

**DRAPER**  
MANUFACTURING CO.

**General Mill Work**

Blinds

Glass

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well Russia long, then and I'll  
Fiji."

. . .

Never go to latin class unless you know  
the lingo;

For if you do like me you will repent  
by jingo!

. . .

Most High School students are so  
crammed with everything that they  
know nothing. In proof of this read  
these veritable specimens of definitions  
written by some:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A monastery is the place for mon-  
sters."

"Cannibal is two brothers who  
killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which  
consists of three parts, the head, chest,  
and stomach. The head contains the  
eyes, and brains, if any. The chest  
contains the lungs and part of the liver.  
The stonick consists of the bowels of  
which there are five a-e-i-o-u and  
sometimes w and y.

Does it hurt a joke to crack it?

. . .

Mr. Ellmore to Fred while on a three  
day vacation.

Mr. Ellmore—Fred, how would you  
like to enter a relay event?

Fred—Oh, pop that would be just  
fine.

Mr. Ellmore—Well lad your mother  
is about to relay the carpet.

. . .

Hazel Caton—I saw in the paper  
where a man sold his wife to a blind  
man for 50 cents. My goodness I think  
they ought to hang him for doing such  
a thing.

Judge Rigg—Yes, just think of it,  
cheating a poor blind man like that.

. . .

Revivalist—My son, when that great  
day comes, where we will find you,  
with the sheep or the goats?

Riggsgy—Blessed if I know. Ma calls  
me her "little lamb" and pa calls me  
"the kid," so I guess I'll have to give  
it up.

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1913

# WHITTEN

AND

## CHAMPION

# INSURANCE

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FIRE  
TORNADO  
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PLATE GLASS

EVERY KIND

*Cornelia Brown*—Mortals, that would follow me, love virtue; she alone is free.

• • •

"I say, Miss Christina, won't you favor me with a little song?"

"Certainly, Mr. Britisher, and what shall it be?"

"Why, I think I should enjoy that one about returning the w-wabbit." (Thoughtfully) "Returning the rabbit."

"Yaas, you know (humming). We turn my wabbit again, again."

"Oh, I think you mean 'Bring back my Bonnie to me.'"

"Yaas, that's it, Miss Tina. 'Bring back my Bonnie to me.'"

• • •

He told the shy maid of his love

The color left her cheeks.

But on the shoulder of his coat

It showed for many weeks.

• • •

It is easy enough to look pleasant,  
When Spring comes along with a rush;  
But the fellow worth while  
Is the one who can smile  
When he slips and sits down in the  
slush.

A lady having more than the average portion of *avoirduois* mounted a car bound for *Edwardsville* the other night. Safely inside she grabbed a strap and stood on Mr. Hiles' toes as he was seated. Almost immediately Mr. Hiles got up, bowed gracefully and motioned her to his seat. "You are very kind, sir," dimpled the lady subsiding. "Kind!" said Mr. Hiles indignantly. "This ain't kindness—it's self defense."

• • •

*Oswald*—I think that Mr. Atwood would be a fine looking fellow, if his face was erased and drawn over.

• • •

*Said Mabel to Will*—I am sailing on the sea of matrimony.

*Said Will*—I will be the rock on which thou shalt shipwreck.

• • •

*Mr. Atwood* (in chemistry)—Miss Perry of what does the ruby's spinel consist?

*Christina McKean* (in undertone to Rua)—Bones, you silly.

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We feel in a class by ourselves, as we are exclusive in

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S  
WEARING APPAREL ONLY

*"The Model Clothiers"*

SOLE AGENTS FOR  
KUPPENHEIMER AND CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES,  
HAWES NO NAME HATS, MANHATTAN  
SHIRTS AND ED. V. PRICE, TAILORS.

HOW WOULD THEY LOOK.

*Mable Rigg*—Dancing.

*Gertrude McAnarney*—Without her face powdered.

*Ethel Holdinghaus*—With nothing to do.

*Miss Highfill*—Without her glasses.

*Miss West*—Not giving marks.

*Eduard Hommert*—Without his pompadour.

*Christie Baechold*—A fat man.

*Mildred Beale*—A butting in.

*Rex Vaughn*—Without his loving disposition.

*Katherine Rath*—Cutting up.

*Daisy Pick*—Without her curls.

*Mr. Frohardt*—With a small nose.

*Mr. Hiles*—Without his grade book.

*Margaret Voight*—At church on Sunday nights.

*Leatha Comer*—Without a bean.

*Helen Watkins*—Not at a dance.

*Hazel Caton*—Without her many admirers.

*Claude McKean*—Studying.

*Will Lewis*—Without five books under his arm.

*Ruth Ellison*—Without her artificial curls.

*Arthur Reimers*—Not blushing.

*Oswald Williams*—Not in a hurry.

*Wella Mueller*—Not complaining about her grades.

*Christina McKean*—An old maid.

*Rua Perry*—With her book closed.

*Miss Furnace*—Not acting ente.

• • •

*Helen*—This lace on my dress is 50 years old.

*Arthur*—It's pretty; did you make it yourself?

# Granite City Lime *and* Cement Co.

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## COAL ICE BUILDING MATERIAL MUNICIPAL CONTRACTORS

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"Dad," said Curley Harris, who was looking at a cartoon in the paper, "Isn't that a picture of Jonah and the whale?"

"No," said Mr. Harris, "if it were, wouldn't Jonah be there, too?"

"Perhaps he's inside the whale," suggested Curley.

\* \* \*

*Old Gentleman*—"Well, Joe, what have you given up as a Lenten sacrifice?"

*Joe*—"Nothing mister, father says it isn't manly to give up."

\* \* \*

"I declare, Erwin," said Mr. Frohardt, irascibly, "You are the most stupid boy I ever saw. I wonder at your ignorance. It seems to me I'll never be able to learn you anything."

"Do you mean to teach me any-

thing, pa?" asked Erwin calmly picking a toothpick.

\* \* \*

*Arthur Reimers*—"Mother will you wash my face?"

*Mrs. Reimers*—"Why, Arthur, a great big boy like you, in H. S. and can't wash your face?"

*Arthur*—"Oh yes, mother, I can but I'll have to wet my hands and they don't need it."

\* \* \*

"The most unpleasant constellation to see of a winter's night is the grate bare."

\* \* \*

Just come with me and smile a broad deep grin—

Then laugh aloud:

Nor cease to roar, till nature interferes  
And each loud snore repeats the humor  
of these jokes.

*A Small Salary is no bar to  
a Happy Home*

MARRY THE GIRL

We'll  
Furnish  
It



*Childs & Anderson*  
WE GET THE BUSINESS AND WE WILL BUILD THE HOME  
 GRANITE CITY, ILL.

*Miss Higgin*—What was there remarkable about the battle of Lookout Mountain?

*Gerard*—It caused bangs on the brow of the mountain.

• • •

Mr. Hiles went into his room one

morning and finding the blackboard covered with paper wads he turned to Claude and said, 'Claude did you throw those paper wads on the board?'

"No, sir," was Felix's reply. "mine didn't stick."



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